

THE Saturday JOURNAL

A POPULAR PAPER

FOR

PLEASURE & PROFIT

BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
98 William Street.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 2, 1871.

TERMS \$3.00 per Annum in advance.
\$1.00 for Four Months.

No. 77.

HOW THE YEARS GO!

BY EREN E. BEXFORD.

How fast the years go!
It was only yesterday morning
That I was little more than a boy;
I loved the birds and the blossoms,
And my soul was undefiled.

And life seemed a fair, wide meadow,

Stretched far and far away,

Bathed in eternal sunshine;

But what does it seem to-day?

How swift the years go!

That was the merry morning
When stillness lay on my soul;
I have passed through a night whose shadows
Like clouds about me roll.

And my soul got stained in the struggle

By night, along the way,

And I wandered far, for the meadows

Are out of sight to-day.

How fast the years go!

Only a day and an evening;
A night and a shadowy morn;
From the morn to the morn lonely,
A lonelier day was born.

Only a little time treading

A long and a changeful way,

Beginning in sun and gladness,

But leading through gloom to-day.

Out in the World: THE FOUNDLING OF RAT ROW.

A ROMANCE OF CINCINNATI.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL,
AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

UNDER THE STORM.

It was an ugly night. It had been raining fiercely all day, and now the roads were ankle-deep in mud, the trees dripping, and Mill Creek—bank full—rolled its yellow flood noisily to the Ohio.

Dark as was the night, however—black as was the sky, and miry as were the roads, there was a woman abroad, under the fury of a terrible equinoctial storm—a storm, the like of which had not been seen for many a day before.

She was a slight, girlish creature, dressed in plain, unpretending black, her head covered by a sort of a cloak, which also served the purpose—in a partial way, at least—of a wrapping; and her small feet were covered with cloth gaiters, which, soaking as they were, afforded but a sorry protection.

The darkness was too deep to permit of her face being seen, but when the lightning blazed out, as it did now and then, it revealed the fact that she was drenched to the skin, and that she was only able to stagger forward.

"Oh! if I could reach Cincinnati," she said, clasping her hands and looking up at the inky sky. "Oh, God! in your mercy, have pity and help me!" she added, while the cold rain fell upon her upturned face like human tears. "I can not go much further."

There was a rumble of carriage-wheels, and then a pair of lights gleamed away ahead, along the road, and the girl knew they were on the front of a vehicle.

"I will stop them and ask to be taken to the city," she exclaimed, at once, but the next moment she stepped out of the path and allowed the carriage to rattle by. It was a stylish affair. The horses were steaming and the driver soaking, but from within came peals of laughter and the voices of men.

The woman pushed back the tangled skeins of black hair from her face, and gazed after the rattling vehicle. Finally it disappeared in a curve of the road, and then the girl, shaking her head, said sadly: "No, I dare not speak to such as these; they are not in the mood to sympathize with a poor outcast." She shivered with ague, as she said this, and wrung her hands fiercely as if she would rub a stain of some sort from them.

Then she bent her head before the storm, and trudged onward more rapidly than before.

Her speed soon gave out, however, and then she toiled more slowly through the mud.

The winds sighed; the rain fell with an even patter; and Mill Creek roared its hoarse song in the deep blackness to the right of the roadway.

A half-mile further, and the girl stopped and listened to the mad waters.

"What if I end it all here?" she exclaimed, speaking aloud. "That storm would stifle my cries and end my misery," and then, too, there would be no trace left."

She started from the path in the direction of the Creek; walked a few paces; paused; then turning, she fled in the storm, and cityward, again crying half aloud:

"Oh, no! no! I can't do that; I'm not brave enough for that."

On she sped, as if flying from the demon of the flood who whispered to her of rest and oblivion in a luring way that almost won her over to suicide; but she resisted; love for life was still strong within that youthful breast; and, sinful as she felt herself to be, she dared not face the judgment seat.

"No, I must live on," she muttered; "I must live for penance and—revenge!"

She clenched her fists tightly again, as she said this, and held her breath hard.

The rain fell faster; the darkness grew as black as velvet; her feet were very sore and tired; still she struggled heroically forward, until the lights gleaming from the old Mill Creek House twinkled through the mist and rain, like guiding stars.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed, and then



When the rays of the lamp fell full upon the heap, he saw at once that it was a woman.

"Michael Rand, don't you know me better than that?" was the reply. "When I visit Miss Alward I never go to either a gambling-house or to—"

"Oh, very well, sir," was the answer, and then Michael Rand clambered up to his seat, and giving the spirited team full rein, the carriage went rattling over the cobble stones, toward the west end, at a rapid rate.

Presently the houses began to grow scarce, and they were out in the suburbs on the direct road to Cummingsville.

"Ah, by my soul! What's that?" Michael Rand made use of these words as the horses shied to the right, and he detected something black, like the form of a woman, lying almost beneath him.

"What the deuce is the matter with you? Confound you! go on!" came from within the vehicle.

"There's something lying down here, sir, almost under the horses' hoofs, sir."

"Something? Well, of course go on."

"But, sir, it's a woman, I think."

"You do, eh?" Chauncey Watterson

had been on the muddy roadside in an instant. "Where is she?"

"There, sir. Just to your left a bit," and Michael pointed with his whip.

Chauncey made no answer, but, peering through the darkness in the direction indicated, he was not slow in discovering a blackish heap, that did look, even in the gloom, remarkably like a woman.

"Get that lamp out of the carriage, Rand, and hold it here."

The man obeyed with alacrity, and when the rays of the lamp fell full upon the heap, he saw at once that Michael's conjecture had been correct—it was a woman.

"Here, bear a hand, Mike," said Chauncey; and the two men lifted the woman up and placed her in the carriage. Neither of them looked in the mud-stained face; there was no time for comment, for the woman was either dead or close to the confines of eternity—so close, in fact, that no time was to be lost in procuring aid.

The handsome gentleman gave the young lady his hand; led her up the steps, and stood by her side until the door was opened to admit her. Then he pressed her hand warmly, and said:

"I hope you have had a pleasant time, Miss Grace."

"Oh, very! Thank you, Mr. Watterson; I'm sure I owe my enjoyment entirely to the excellent care you have taken of me."

"Don't mention it, Miss Alward. Believe me, I'm always ready to serve you."

He kissed her on the cheek as he said this, and then, without waiting for an answer, ran down the steps and leaped into the carriage once more.

"Where will you go, Mr. Chauncey?" asked the driver, putting his head in at the window.

"Go! Why, where do you suppose I want to go at this hour of the night, you blockhead?"

"I didn't know, sir; but I thought, maybe, you wanted to see Nellie or the other girl before you'd sleep."

"Yes; it's me—Michael Rand—and more than me, too."

By this time the coachman had lifted the unconscious tenant of the carriage in his

stout arms, and was making his way toward the stupid porter.

"Why, bless me! that's a woman," ex-

claimed the porter.

"I should say it was," answered Michael,

shoving the porter aside, and stepping into the hall with his burden. "Is there a good

fire in the sitting room, Johnson?"

"A very good fire, sir. But, where is

Master Chauncey?"

"Gone for the doctor—old Glosser. Is

the madam awake, yet?"

"Yes, she is waiting for you two to come

home."

By this time the sitting-room had been reached, and Michael Rand placed his burden on an old-fashioned lounge, and bid Johnson turn on the light.

The latter promptly did, as he was re-

quested, flooding the apartment with a soft

radiance, and illuminating the face of the unconscious occupant of the lounge.

"Why, Rand, my boy, she's a perfect

beauty!" exclaimed the porter, lifting his eyes and hands at once in admiration—"a perfect beauty, sir!"

The old stupid servitor was right. She was beautiful. Her face was rounded, and had a peach-like bloom in it; her lips, daintily cut, had a tempting, pretty pout in them, and one could see, although her eyes were closed, that they were large, and that they must be dark, too, since the lashes lay like black silk fringe on either cheek. Masses of blackish hair were coiled, like the turban of an Oriental beauty, about her well-shaped head, and out from under her soiled garments peeped a foot, so small and childish in proportions, that it might have belonged to a girl of twelve instead of a well-developed woman of twenty; as it did.

"Johnson, tell the madam at once," said Rand; "the girl is very ill, and women generally know what is good for women."

The porter heard the order, but did not move; he was lost in admiration of the beautiful stranger's face.

"Are you a-going, Johnson?"

"Yes, sir!"

The old servant straightened himself up,

and, sighing, turned to go on his errand.

But, there was no occasion for his going now—Mrs. Watterson stood in the doorway.

She was a handsome woman still, although past fifty; and, as she swept into the room, there was a certain majesty of mien, that told, more eloquently than words could do, of the pride that was in her heart.

"What's the matter here, Rand? and,

good gracious, what's the meaning of this?"

she were her first words.

"The water helped to cool the feverish

brow; then the color came back into the

rounded cheeks; and again the long, quivering

lashes lifted, and the two women looked

into each other's eyes.

"Don't you feel better, now?" asked the old lady.

"Yes, I'm better; I can go now. I'm

not so weak," was the reply. The girl

raised herself up almost to a sitting posture,

and attempted to rise upon her feet, but

receded, and fell back once more.

"You are not able to walk, you see,"

said the elder woman. "Where did you

want to go?"

The girl's face blushed crimson as she

answered:

"Oh, I don't know! Somewhere in the

city, where I can not be found, either by

my father or my friends."

"Then you are not a wife?"

"No, madam." The girl hid her face now, and the hot tears stained her cheeks.

"You have done very wrong; have been

very sinful, and can not expect the sym-

pathy of the good and pure."

The old lady's voice was cold and hard as she uttered these words, and the hand she had laid upon the stranger's brow she now

wiped very deliberately with her damp handkerchief, as if she would remove the stain she felt was there.

The girl did not reply at once, but, after a moment, said: "You don't know, madam, how keenly I feel the sinfulness of my position; but, you do not—you can not know, how I was tempted by one whom I thought honorable and truthful."

"Young ladies should have better sense than to believe every thing told them. They have warnings enough, surely."

There was no reply to this, and when Mrs. Watterson glanced down to learn the reason of her companion's silence, she saw that she had fainted again. Before she could do aught, the door opened, and Dr. Gossler and Chauncey Watterson entered the room, closely followed by the two servant girls, for whom Johnson had been dispatched.

"Is she living yet?" asked the physician, rubbing his glasses.

"Yes; miserable people like her are not easily killed," answered Mrs. Watterson, significantly.

By this time, Chauncey had reached the side of the sofa.

"My God!" he exclaimed, Elinor Gregg!" He started back with a wild, scared face, and his mother, looking sternly up into his face, said:

"My son, what do you know of this woman?"

"I met her in the country once," he stammered, growing red up to the roots of his hair, "and again at Dayton."

"There is nothing between you two? On your honor?"

"Nothing," replied Chauncey; "only I met her there, and am astonished to find her here, and in such a condition, too. It really for the moment shocked me."

He was cool now, and Mrs. Watterson said, in a whisper: "I believe you, my boy, and I'm glad to hear that you are not a partner in her sin."

"She had better be removed to a chamber," said the doctor.

"Can she not be taken to the Infirmary?" put in Chauncey.

"No; it would be almost certain death. As it is, it is only a chance that she will survive the excitement and exposure of this night."

Mrs. Watterson ordered the insensible girl to be taken up-stairs at once, and when the servant had done so, she returned to the sitting-room to await the return of Dr. Gossler.

CHAPTER III. FACE TO FACE!

THE little French time-piece on the heavy marble mantel was ringing sharply out three o'clock, when the fussy old physician came in, tapping his silver snuff-box in a self-satisfied manner, and looking grave and wise.

"Well?" said Mrs. Watterson, looking up.

"Well, she's all right—getting along amazingly fine. She will have to be kept very quiet, though."

"She is not out of danger yet, then?"

"No; not out of danger, but I think—"

The imperious manner of the questioner caused the old doctor to raise his eyebrows in surprise, and he said, very slowly, in reply, and without lowering his brows: "Live is the word, I think."

"It's a bad thing for her, then. There is no room in the world for creatures like her."

Mrs. Watterson was rich and proud, and Dr. Gossler did not think it necessary for him to reply to the bitter words that fell upon his ear with a pitiless sound, and so he only took a pinch of snuff and nodded at the fire.

"When do you think she will be ready to move?" asked the old woman, after a moment's silence.

"Well, in ten days."

"Not before that?"

"Not without great risk."

"It's too bad she should have laid down at our door. Surely, she could have made to the Mill Creek House."

"It was very unfortunate," was all the little doctor said.

There was another pause; then the woman looked up and said: "Doctor, you must not let her die here. It would never do, you know; and you must never, under any circumstance, speak of her being here."

"Very well," was the reply.

"As soon as she is able enough to move," continued Mrs. Watterson, "she must be taken to the Infirmary. You know this would create unpleasant scandal, were it to get abroad, among our set."

The doctor nodded.

"Not that I would be cruel or un-Christian-like, but, you see, a person's enemies will talk."

"Doctor, the young lady is worse," interrupted Sarah, the cook, putting her head in at the doorway. "You had better come right away."

The doctor looked at Mrs. Watterson, as if to say, "by your leave, madam" and then hurried to the sick chamber. When he had gone, Mrs. Watterson called the servant to her side.

"Sarah, you must promise never to speak of this girl being in the house. It would be terrible were it to get out, you know."

"Yes, ma'am, it would."

"Then you will please speak to Ellen and Jane, and tell them it is my wish that nothing be said of this."

"I will, ma'am. They'll do what you axes 'em, ma'am."

"Let me see that they do and I will not forget them in return."

Within the next half-hour all the servants had been duly cautioned, and Chauncey, who had returned from the stables with Rand, sat planning with his aristocratic mother how the presence of Elinor Gregg could best be kept from the public.

"She can not be moved now. Gossler says it would endanger her life," ventured Mrs. Watterson.

"The dilemma is ugly enough, to be sure; but, as soon as she is able, she must be taken to the infirmary. That's the best and only thing we can do—at least, it is the only thing that strikes me as feasible," returned Chauncey.

"Yes, you are right, my son. But, how did it come that you brought her here in the first place?"

"Why, it's all chargeable on that stupid fellow, Rand; and then, you know, I never dreamed of any thing like that being the matter, or I should have driven into town with her."

"I wish you had done so," and Mrs. Watterson bit her thin upper lip with vexation.

tion. "Here we have a pretty condition of things to be expecting Lucy home from school every day."

A shadow flitted across Chauncey Watterson's face at the mention of Lucy's return, and after a momentary pause, he said:

"When do you expect sister Lucy?"

"Well, almost at any hour she is likely to come."

"She has fixed upon no day yet?"

"No; but Kate Allen left Pleasant Grove on Tuesday last, and she says Lucy was packing up then to come home."

Chauncey was about to make a remark when he was interrupted by the entrance of Dr. Gossler.

"My dear madam," said the diminutive man of physic, "the affair is over, and mother and child are doing well. It's a girl."

"It matters very little, doctor, to what sex the little unfortunate belongs," answered Mrs. Watterson, coldly; then added:

"I suppose you will come over in the morning again?"

"Oh, yes; I gave her a soothing opiate. She will sleep until morning now."

"Well, doctor," put in Chauncey, "this has been a rather long contract than I expected. But, no matter; you shall be well paid."

"I knew that, sir," replied the little doctor, drawing up his mouth like a closing purse. "But it's very kind of you folks here to take a poor waif like her in and care for her so tenderly; it's very kind indeed."

"It would not be right to allow a human creature to die in the street," replied the young man. "Besides, the girl may be of good family, you know. Judging from the society I met her in, at Dayton, I should say she was."

Mrs. Watterson looked quickly up, and darted a furtive, but searching glance at her son.

He was very calm, and evidently unconcerned.

"She does look to be a nice sort of a person," said Dr. Gossler, in reply to Chauncey's words—"a very nice sort of a person."

The doctor took out his snuff, indulged in a pinch, and tapping the box with his red knuckles, repeated—"a nice sort of a person, indeed."

"We will expect you again, in the morning, doctor," said Mrs. Watterson, rising and moving the door.

Gossler took the hint, and buttoning his coat up tightly under his puffy, bedimmed chin, struttet out into the darkness and storm.

CHAPTER IV. IN THE MESSES

WHEN the sunlight stole in through the heavy lace drapery, and danced in bright, fantastic patches on the rich carpet which covered the floor of the chamber in which Elinor Gregg lay, it found her flushed and excited. She scarce could realize where she was, on opening her eyes for the first time; every thing seemed so strange and grand to her—so much unlike the plain, roomy parlor where she had been born, and which she had left the day before, with the expectation of never seeing either it or its inmates again.

It only needed a glance around the room, and a shy, coy peep at the little form that nestled up closely to her, to make her realize the depths into which she had fallen. Then came the pain, the woe, the heartache—the word is the word, I think."

"It's a bad thing for her, then. There is no room in the world for creatures like her."

Mrs. Watterson was rich and proud, and Dr. Gossler did not think it necessary for him to reply to the bitter words that fell upon his ear with a pitiless sound, and so he only took a pinch of snuff and nodded at the fire.

"When do you think she will be ready to move?" asked the old woman, after a moment's silence.

"Well, in ten days."

"Not before that?"

"It's too bad she should have laid down at our door. Surely, she could have made to the Mill Creek House."

"It was very unfortunate," was all the little doctor said.

There was another pause; then the woman looked up and said: "Doctor, you must not let her die here. It would never do, you know; and you must never, under any circumstance, speak of her being here."

"Very well," was the reply.

"As soon as she is able enough to move," continued Mrs. Watterson, "she must be taken to the Infirmary. You know this would create unpleasant scandal, were it to get abroad, among our set."

The doctor nodded.

"Not that I would be cruel or un-Christian-like, but, you see, a person's enemies will talk."

"Doctor, the young lady is worse," interrupted Sarah, the cook, putting her head in at the doorway. "You had better come right away."

The doctor looked at Mrs. Watterson, as if to say, "by your leave, madam" and then hurried to the sick chamber. When he had gone, Mrs. Watterson called the servant to her side.

"Sarah, you must promise never to speak of this girl being in the house. It would be terrible were it to get out, you know."

"Yes, ma'am, it would."

"Then you will please speak to Ellen and Jane, and tell them it is my wish that nothing be said of this."

"I will, ma'am. They'll do what you axes 'em, ma'am."

"Let me see that they do and I will not forget them in return."

Within the next half-hour all the servants had been duly cautioned, and Chauncey, who had returned from the stables with Rand, sat planning with his aristocratic mother how the presence of Elinor Gregg could best be kept from the public.

"She can not be moved now. Gossler says it would endanger her life," ventured Mrs. Watterson.

"The dilemma is ugly enough, to be sure;

but, as soon as she is able, she must be taken to the infirmary. That's the best and

only thing we can do—at least, it is the only thing that strikes me as feasible," returned Chauncey.

"Yes, you are right, my son. But, how did it come that you brought her here in the first place?"

"Why, it's all chargeable on that stupid fellow, Rand; and then, you know, I never dreamed of any thing like that being the matter, or I should have driven into town with her."

"I wish you had done so," and Mrs. Watterson bit her thin upper lip with vexation.

"She knows you are a mother and not a wife, but she does not know that I am that child's father."

"But, she will know it; the secret can not be long kept, and, unless you redeem the promises made to me, I'll blazon it before the world! I am deep in the mire; lost to society, to home and friends; but, I will not bear the brand alone. You, Chauncey Watterson—you will have to bear your share of the infamy you originated."

The girl was excited; her cheeks were crimson, and her eyes held a baleful, mischievous light.

Chauncey Watterson was excited, too, and alarmed, as well, and his hands twitched nervously, as if he would like to bury them in her white velvet throat.

"You must not speak so loud," he hissed; "you will have the house about our ears in a moment, if you go on in that way."

"Well, they may as well come now as later."

"No, they may not, Elinor Gregg. You are playing with fire. Take care, or it may burn you!"

The girl looked into his face; it was full of a terrible threat, which, desperate as she was, awed her.

"What do you propose doing?" she asked.

"I propose taking you over to Covington."

"Certainly I'm in earnest. Now, pay attention to me for a moment. You see, it may not do for me to remain here long. They might suspect, and my lady mother has vague idea that her son has been a little naughty, and it won't do to feed this suspicion."

"But it is Lucy—your sister, Lucy—home from school?" broke in Elinor.

"No; but may come at any moment. You see the awful fix I'm in. Were sister Lucy to come while you are here, knowing the intimacy that existed between us at Xenia, she would let the cat out of the bag, and ruin us both."

"Yes, yes; I don't want to meet Lucy," said Elinor, hiding her face. "Take me away from here as soon as you can."

"Now you talk sense," said Chauncey.

"To-night, when the house is all asleep, I'll have a carriage brought from the city for you and the baby. The doctor says it will not harm you a bit."

The girl's face lit up.

"Do you really mean that, Chauncey Watterson? Are you in earnest?"

"Certainly I'm in earnest. Now, pay attention to me for a moment. You see, it may not do for me to remain here long. They might suspect, and my lady mother has vague idea that her son has been a little naughty, and it won't do to feed this suspicion."

"But it is Lucy—your sister, Lucy—home from school?" broke in Elinor.

"No; but may come at any moment. You see the awful fix I'm in in."

"I propose taking you over to Covington."

"Certainly I'm in earnest. Now, pay attention to me for a moment. You see, it may not do for me to remain here long. They might suspect, and my lady mother has vague idea that her son has been a little naughty, and it won't do to feed this suspicion."

"But it is Lucy—your sister, Lucy—home from school?" broke in Elinor.

"No; but may come at any moment. You see the awful fix I'm in in."

"I propose taking you over to Covington."

"Certainly I'm in earnest. Now, pay attention to me for a moment. You see, it may not do for me to remain here long. They might suspect, and my lady mother has vague idea that her son has been a little naughty, and it won't do to feed this suspicion."

SATURDAY JOURNAL.

3

friends, never once admitting the possibility of an overruling Providence raising them up for her in the hour of need; and so, trusting to a first impulse, he sought out the large cities, and there began the search in earnest.

There must have been some very powerful reason actuating the man to such unusual labor and expense.

It was morally impossible that Murker had fallen in love with the mere child, and it was not at all likely that any feeling of revenge for what she had subjected him to, would furnish cause sufficient to impel this persistent pursuit.

For months Murker persevered in the seemingly hopeless task, never flagging or growing despondent, but always energetic, hopeful, as though he felt sure of ultimate success.

On several occasions he fancied the right clue had at last been found, and each time he scarcely slept or eat until he had exhausted the thread that it had led him wrong.

The man's tenacity of purpose was truly wonderful, and clearly showed how deeply important he considered the discovery of the young girl.

At last he chanced to stumble, by the merest accident, upon the right trail, and, like a well-trained hound, he took the scent and was off for the far-away place where she was said to have been seen.

One night, while sitting in a low grocery in one of the great eastern cities, a rough-looking man came in, and all other tables being occupied by parties engaged in drinking or card-playing, he took a chair on the opposite side of the one at which Murker was seated, and called loudly for his drink.

For some time the man drank silently, but Murker observed that every time he raised his glass to his lips he would glance furtively at him over the edge.

So often did this occur that Murker, who was irritable and cross, finally said, snapishly,

"I hope you'll know me the next time you see me. You ought to, anyway."

"Beg yer pardning, comrade!" said the man, good-naturedly, "but, you see, as how I knows that mug o' yours, though, cuss it all, I can't place yer."

"Well, sir, if you do know me, which I doubt, that no reason you should stare a man out of countenance!" exclaimed Murker, while a dark scowl settled upon his face.

"Thar! I know yer now by that grum-my look onto yer han'some phizahogomy. Yer Murker," said the man, in high glee.

"Well, and if I am, what then?" inquired Murker, uneasily.

"Nothin' pertickeler, only it was funny that I should come agin you here. Don't reckole me, eh? Well, I knows you. Mebby yer don't mind the night as little Henry was hurted by that rope a-breakin' on the trapeze."

"What have I to do with that?" said Murker, gloomily. "Who are you?"

"Dillson, canvas-man with the Copenhagen Circus. I left it 'way down South."

At first, Murker was reserved, not feeling sure of the man Dillson's true sentiments toward him; but, as glass after glass of liquor was drank, they grew more and more intimate.

Dillson had been telling him of events that had transpired since he (Murker) left the company.

"We had rare good luck one night, by George! It was the werry night as you—as the boy hurted himself. 'We was travelin' to next station, and a awful storm a-blowin', when, all at one't, old Jake's leaders shied at somethin' on the roadside, which somethin' turned out to be as han'some a young gal as ever yer seen. Well, the manager jes took a likin' to her from the start, and 'twan't long before she was the favorite of everybody in the troupe. I never see a gal Iarn to ride like that 'un! She seemed like as if it was natural for her to be a-settin' or standin' on the pad; and though she ain't been with the company quite a year yet, she can jump a banner, bust a balloon or take the big hurdles 'long with the best of 'em."

At the first mention of the girl, Murker was wide awake, and full of eager curiosity to learn more.

"What is her name?" he asked, almost breathlessly.

"Why man, what's the matter? Nothin', eh?" Well, yer look like a good deal was the matter. What do yer want to know the gal's name for?" and the man looked keenly at his companion.

"Pshaw! Hang it, there's nothing in it! Ain't it natural that an old member of the company should want to know all about what's going on, and who does it?"

"The gal's name is Jessie," growled the canvas-man. "She's a sweet critter, and the vill'in as would do her hurt had better keep clear of the company, that's all."

But Murker had heard all he wanted, and, scarcely waiting to settle his score at the bar, he was away.

That night, he boarded a Southern-bound train, and in five days stood in the town where the circus had performed some weeks before.

Here he satisfied himself of the correctness of his surmises by obtaining a minute description of Jessie, and then pushing forward in the track of the caravan, he finally overtook it at the town where we left him, in the dressing-room of the circus, confronted by the youth he had so injured, and whom he was preparing to deal a yet more deadly blow.

CHAPTER VI.

PLANNING AN ESCAPE.

"WELL, Murker!" exclaimed Henry, "what do you want here? Would you like to make another attempt on my life?"

"I don't know what you mean," answered Murker; "I have come to claim my daughter."

"Your daughter! Where is she, I would like to know?"

"Would you, indeed? Then your highness shall be gratified. She stands beside you."

"What! Jessie?"

"Yes, Jessie."

"I can not believe him, Henry," spoke up Jessie; "and yet, he says he has proofs that I am his child."

"If he has proofs, which I am much inclined to doubt, let him produce them," answered Henry.

"You shall see whether I can not make my claim good. If you feel inclined to listen to my story, I will narrate it to you," replied Murker.

"Proceed."

"Fifteen years ago, I fell in love with a lady whose parents were wealthy, and, as I

was poor, they looked upon my suit as an unfavorable one; but, the lady loved me, so that I cared little about gaining their consent. We met clandestinely for over a year, and our love for each other was honest, true and pure. I begged of her parents to bestow their child upon me, but they were deaf to all my entreaties. Finding that it was useless for me to sue further, we eloped and were married. We lived happily for a couple of years, and had a child born to us—Jessie here; but, I took to drink, and, though I am almost ashamed to say it, I treated my wife ill. One night, I came home to find my wife had fled from me, taking the child with her. From that day until last year, I lost all trace of them, but this letter comes from the parents of my late wife; I will read you a few lines of it."

He took from his pocket a large letter, and read a portion of it. It was addressed to the old woman in whose charge Jessie had been left, and told that the child's mother was dead; that before her death, her parents had repented of their harshness, and, wishing to atone for it as they best could, desired to make Jessie their heiress, and that if her father were living he would be received as their son.

It was all a mystery to Henry, and he regarded it with incredulity.

"This does not go to prove that Jessie is your child," Henry said.

"Just look at the letter, and see the husband's name written out—Archibald Murker—and I believe that to be my name."

"Why are you so silent, Henry?" asked Jessie.

"I did not mean to be; but I do not consider the step we are taking to be the right one," answered her companion.

"I feel it to be right, Henry. But I can not bear to have you accompany me. Jessie is the only thing which does not seem right."

"Are you afraid to trust yourself to my care?"

"No, Henry; I know you to be a good and faithful friend. You have no cause to fly, as I have. You are losing nearly every thing by thus espousing my cause."

"Jessie, I once heard a preacher read from the Bible these beautiful words: 'Whither thou goest, there will I go; and where thou dwellest there will I dwell; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.' It is thus I feel for you. I have given you my word, and I will not break it."

"And yet, I fear him, Henry. Oh! so much. He may be able to prove I am his daughter," sobbed the girl.

"Don't weep, Jessie. Suppose Murker's story is true, would you not be happier to live a life of ease rather than be one who is at the mercy and caprice of a changeable public?"

"No, Henry. I have something to tell you, but you must not breathe it to a single soul. I am going to run away."

"Run away?"

"Yes, to escape from this man. I am going to-night, when all is still and quiet. I never—never can live with him."

"Where would you go?"

"To the woods, the swamps. I have heard of hunted runaway slaves escaping themselves there, and why not I? Any fate better than to be given into his keeping?"

"You would perish in the swamps. You must give over this wild idea, and endeavor to cheer up. Affairs may not turn out so bad as you anticipate."

"I dare not wait, Henry. I have determined upon leaving this place, and to-night; for I feel that now is my only chance of escape. To-morrow I will be in his hands."

"Then I shall go with you."

"You will?"

"Yes, Jessie, I will. You will need a protector, and though I am young, yet I will try to be as good a friend as I can."

"Oh! so cheerfully. But, I can not take you away from a life that you are fond of. What claim have I upon you, that you should make this great sacrifice?"

"The very best of claims, namely, the only one dear friend always owes to another. Do you think for a moment that I would quietly remain here and know that you were roaming the world without friend or protector?" replied Henry, his fine face all aglow.

And so they made their plans together. It was decided that the escape should be made at midnight. Every thing was got in readiness for the departure.

Murker was gloating over his success, and little thought that his bird would be flown ere he had a chance to catch it.

His dream was a strange one that night.

He dreamed he was a man many years younger, and that he was passing through a long and dismal forest. Whistling to keep his courage up, for it was a lonely path he was taking, suddenly he thought the air was filled with birds of a rapacious nature. He was astonished at the sight; yet he was still more so when he found, lying at his feet, the fast decaying body of a man. He stooped to look at it more closely, and found, in the pocket of the coat, letters, notes, and a small roll of bills. These he took possession of. He thought to turn them to account some day. It was a cruel deed to rob the dead as he was doing. When he emerged from that wood it seemed as though he was an entirely different man—as if he had left his former self in the dread past. He also secured a small locket, in which were placed two miniatures; one was the counterpart of himself, while the other bore a resemblance to the girl, Jessie. Murker murmured in his sleep, "After long years of waiting, how amply am I repaid. It is worth all these years of wandering to be so rewarded in the end." Then there came before him a vision of a pale woman, with a pleading face and piteous voice, crying, "Wrong not the orphan."

The scene changed, and Murker was in the woods again, fleeing for life, to escape the clutches of a grim skeleton, who was in pursuit of him. On and on they fled, the pursuer and pursued, and just as the skeleton was about to place its long hands upon Murker's neck, the latter awoke with a loud scream, and covered with a profuse perspiration.

"What a fool I was to be frightened by a dream," he exclaimed.

He did not dare to close his eyes again that night, but got up and lit a lamp, reading, writing, and plotting mischief against an innocent child. And for what? The idol, gold, for which many a human being has bartered his soul.

"I shall see whether I can not make my claim good. If you feel inclined to listen to my story, I will narrate it to you," replied Murker.

"Proceed."

"Fifteen years ago, I fell in love with a lady whose parents were wealthy, and, as I

was poor, they looked upon my suit as an unfavorable one; but, the lady loved me, so that I cared little about gaining their consent. We met clandestinely for over a year, and our love for each other was honest, true and pure. I begged of her parents to bestow their child upon me, but they were deaf to all my entreaties.

"It is a great sacrifice I shall undergo," he said, "for I do love this wandering life; and the laughter and applause of the audience are to me very attractive. It is my duty to go with Jessie. I feel it to be a wrong step for both of us; yet I will not let her go alone. What good will come of it? Likely we will starve in the woods. We may wander on until we come to some farm house, where work can be obtained. Right or wrong, I feel that it is my duty to be a protector to Jessie. May God direct us aright, and make good in the end come from where bad is, in the beginning."

The clock struck twelve, and as the last stroke vibrated on the night, Henry heard a light tap on the door, and a gentle voice exclaim, "Henry, are you all ready?"

The boy answered the summons, and, after arranging the few things they deemed necessary for their flight, took their departure. It was a lovely night. Beauty was to be seen everywhere. The lofty trees, with their beautiful covering of green; the moon, shining in all its brilliancy, made the scene one of enchanting loveliness. Henry and Jessie forgot for a moment their troubles as they stopped to admire it. They were veritable babes in the woods. They seemed to imagine that their trials were almost at an end, when, indeed, they were only just beginning.

"Jessie, I once heard a preacher read from the Bible these beautiful words: 'Whither thou goest, there will I go; and where thou dwellest there will I dwell; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.' It is thus I feel for you. I have given you my word, and I will not break it."

"Are you afraid to trust yourself to my care?"

"I did not mean to be; but I do not consider the step we are taking to be the right one," answered her companion.

"I feel it to be right, Henry. But I can not bear to have you accompany me. Jessie is the only thing which does not seem right."

"Jessie, I once heard a preacher read from the Bible these beautiful words: 'Whither thou goest, there will I go; and where thou dwellest there will I dwell; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.' It is thus I feel for you. I have given you my word, and I will not break it."

"Are you afraid to trust yourself to my care?"

"I did not mean to be; but I do not consider the step we are taking to be the right one," answered her companion.

"I feel it to be right, Henry. But I can not bear to have you accompany me. Jessie is the only thing which does not seem right."

"Jessie, I once heard a preacher read from the Bible these beautiful words: 'Whither thou goest, there will I go; and where thou dwellest there will I dwell; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.' It is thus I feel for you. I have given you my word, and I will not break it."

"Are you afraid to trust yourself to my care?"

"I did not mean to be; but I do not consider the step we are taking to be the right one," answered her companion.

"I feel it to be right, Henry. But I can not bear to have you accompany me. Jessie is the only thing which does not seem right."

"Jessie, I once heard a preacher read from the Bible these beautiful words: 'Whither thou goest, there will I go; and where thou dwellest there will I dwell; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.' It is thus I feel for you. I have given you my word, and I will not break it."

"Are you afraid to trust yourself to my care?"

"I did not mean to be; but I do not consider the step we are taking to be the right one," answered her companion.

"I feel it to be right, Henry. But I can not bear to have you accompany me. Jessie is the only thing which does not seem right."

"Jessie, I once heard a preacher read from the Bible these beautiful words: 'Whither thou goest, there will I go; and where thou dwellest there will I dwell; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.' It is thus I feel for you. I have given you my word, and I will not break it."

"Are you afraid to trust yourself to my care?"

"I did not mean to be; but I do not consider the step we are taking to be the right one," answered her companion.

"I feel it to be right, Henry. But I can not bear to have you accompany me. Jessie is the only thing which does not seem right."

"Jessie, I once heard a preacher read from the Bible these beautiful words: 'Whither thou goest, there will I go; and where thou dwellest there will I dwell; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.' It is thus I feel for you. I have given you my word, and I will not break it."

"Are you afraid to trust yourself to my care?"

"I did not mean to be; but I do not consider the step we are taking to be the right one," answered her companion.

"I feel it to be right, Henry. But I can not bear to have you accompany me. Jessie is the only thing which does not seem right."

"Jessie, I once heard a preacher read from the Bible these beautiful words: 'Whither thou goest, there will I go; and where thou dwellest there will I dwell; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.' It is thus I feel for you. I have given you my word, and I will not break it."

THE
Saturday Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 2, 1871.

The Saturday Journal is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct by mail, from the publication office, are supplied the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers:

One copy, four months \$1.00.

Two copies, one year \$2.00.

In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full. State and city of town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription.

Subscriptions can start with any required back number. The paper is always in print, so that those wishing for special stories can have them.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,

88 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Our Arm-Chair.

A Croak.—An old friend insists upon it that this country is going to the dogs—that corruption, political and social, is destroying our virtue, as a people—that the predominance of the foreign population is overriding the native element and American ideas; that Roman Catholicism is to all progressive and threatening, etc., etc. To all of which we say our friend is a croaker; his father was one before him; his grandfather, *ditto*. That is, every generation is the worst; and yet the world and civilization progress. To-day we are far more enlightened than were our fathers, and humanity is not one whit the worse for its culture and brains. This old cry of ruin is neither new nor alarming. All we can do is to fight the good fight of good citizens, whose watchword is "God and the Right," and all will be as it should be!

The Boy Buccaneer.—Three or four correspondents want to know "all about the Boy BUCCANEER." All we can say—is read about him, when the new serial introduces him. He is a capital hero, and, though a buccaneer, is by no means an outlaw of the sea, nor a terror of the deck. The story being by the ever fresh author of "Cruiser Crusoe," is in it one undesirable element, and all lovers of sea and shore romance will welcome it with rare zest. Look out for it!

Phoebe Cary.—The recent death of this lady leaves a void in social and literary circles which none can fill. She was not only a very sweet poet, but a lady of many excellencies of head and heart. Alice and Phoebe Cary are names most affectionately known in American and English homes; and their decease, one following the other so closely, is a source of deep and lasting sorrow. Phoebe was buried in Greenwood Cemetery, on Friday, August 4th, and now sleeps her last sleep beside Alice and the other sister, Elmira—all rare and beautiful natures, whose living made the world all the better.

No.—A correspondent in San Francisco writes to know if the Women's Rights Women really sympathize with the murderers, Mrs. Fair. "We can conceive no possible reason for any sympathy for a murderer, and certainly no honorable woman can feel aught but repulsion for the female who slew the husband of another woman because the sinning man had resolved to sin no more. If the two Women's Rights Advocates named visited Mrs. Fair, we can see no propriety in assuming that, by so doing, they committed others to their views.

The Story of a Foundling.—Mr. Bartley T. Campbell's fine life and society romance—"Out in the World; or, The Foundling of Rat Row"—will prove very *seasonable*. Its hero and heroine are two street children, one of whom is a veritable "wifey," whose strange history, rare beauty of character and person, and her relations to her lovely boy-lover—all are singular elements of attraction. Mr. Campbell wields a very graceful pen, and must become a great favorite with those who are lovers of romance of the Dickens and Miss Mulock school. Utterly unlike Mr. Aiken, Mrs. Crowell, Mr. Morris, or any other of our popular writers, he is yet, like them, distinguishing for that freshness, vigor and *newness* which are the crowning glories of the younger race of writers. The new serial commences in this issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

THE COUNTRY.

The dog-days are upon us; the denizens of the crowded city swelter and suffocate; the very breeze, that should come from the sea laden with cool vapors and refreshing dew, bears the hot breath of the sandy desert.

In vain we throw open our windows, trusting that the midnight air will render our narrow cells—city rooms are little else—endurable, but the hope is vain.

Then to us comes the thought of the country, the green plain, the shady valley, the rocky, wooded defile, through which, even at noontime, the mountain breeze sweeps ever, breathing health, rest and peace.

To the busy brain-worker—to the man who spends his days amid huge columns of figures; whose dreams at night are haunted by dollars and cents; over whose oppressed chest dance phantom "greenbacks," whose mind is ever busy with schemes to advance his fortunes, and beat his fellow-men in the great race for wealth, place and power, how refreshing it is to leave the narrow lanes of the bustling city and forget the world and all its cares in the green wilderness of the country!

There is a sense of rest in the wide expanse of hill and plain; a dreamy feeling like unto sleep comes over the brain, and how welcome that feeling is once in a while, to the man whose almost every thought is given to the cares of business!

"Blessed be the man who invented sleep!" cried Sancho Panza, the immortal squire of great Don Quixote; and so the tired worker, lolling at full length upon a greenward, here and there with dark-green woods, below them the yellow waving grain and the bright green meadow, blesses the country.

To the hard worker there is nothing more delightful than a lazy fit, now and then.

But, to enjoy that laziness one must get out of the city. There is too much noise, too much bustle, too much to tell of strife and competition, of hard knocks given and

received, of success and failure, within the narrow walls of commerce's mart for one to feel the true luxury of do-nothingism.

But, in the country, where hill, plain, and river, the forest tree, the yellow wheat, the sky above our heads, all seem imbued with the true spirit of rest—there alone can one forget life and all its cares.

Profound thinkers have said that a child alone is happy. A child knows nothing of worldly cares, thinks only of to-day and cares not for the morrow, lives for the hour and for that time alone.

In the country alone can a man imagine himself a child once again.

We are all living too fast; all impatiently counting the days that intervene between the present hour and the achievement of some cherished wish, and half the time it is but a mere matter of worldly advancement. We forget that each hour counts against us; each day that we so anxiously wish were gone, brings us a day nearer to that "great bourn" from whence no traveler returns.

Let us then enjoy life by the way; forget sometimes that there is such a thing in this world as work; and to forget we must get out of the city.

We'll fly to the country, then, not to the "fashionable resort" where foppish men and silly women turn night into day, and breathe the heated air of the crowded parlor instead of the pure breeze of the mountain, to the quiet little hamlet,

"half hid by breezy pine."

Like an eagle's nest perched on the crest of purple Appenine."

We'll float on the silver bosom of the lake with a red-gold haired beauty; search for fabulous water-lilies, and pluck the long fringes of the chestnut as though they were rare and precious flowers. We'll sup the delicious draft, Rest, and then, like a giant refreshed with sleep, return to the life to fight again the great battle of life.

CONTRASTS.

MARRIAGES in high life—how, of late, every newspaper teems with accounts of them! Grand affairs they are, whether the sacred union of kindred hearts, or unholy sacrifices on the altar of gold and ambition, they are rendered elegant by all that exquisite taste can suggest, and boundless wealth procure. Splendid trousseaus; showers of jewels of every kind from every land; translucent pearls, and diamonds like drops of imprisoned light; chaste and expensive plate in endless variety and design; and flowers of gorgeous hues and intoxicating fragrance, whose exquisite beauty and delicious odors are as transient as the hour.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars expended in the various details of a single wedding!

Conning it over, one is led into some speculation. Hundreds of thousands of dollars spent in making a marriage a "grand affair"—one that shall be talked of, and amaze the rustics; hundreds of thousands of dollars to purchase trousseaus, flowers, plate, jewels, presents of every sort, and a hundred *et ceteras* that in an hour will have passed away. The house, the garden, the church, all must be a wilderness of bloom; the air must be dreamy with melody; the board crowded with every delicacy possible to be invented and manufactured. Every appointment is in exquisite taste, and the whole place like fairy-land. Who, in the throng of guests surrounded by all this loveliness, could imagine that the world held aught of pain or sorrow? Little of it they know—fortune's favored few—for wealth has power to avert much sorrow.

But, listen—look! The streets are filled with people. See among them the street children, hundreds of them in sight; multiply the number visible by tens, and you will have a fraction of the number existing in this fair land alone. Ragged, ignorant, coarse, degraded, and vile—what a horrible array of miniature human beings are they!

But, they are human beings; immortal souls look out through the appealing eyes; dwarfed, deformed and crime-stained souls, asking, *ever asking* for help.

Help! Where is help coming from for these unfortunate?

For them the world holds nothing worth the possessing. A crust is their food, a cellar their home, filthy rags their covering, and the streets their school. Ignorant and vicious, they know little or nothing concerning God and the hereafter, and, like Ishmael, their hands are against every man and every man's hand against them. Of all the gifts prized by men they have only one—life—and it is a curse to them.

But, no one cares for them! It is no one's duty to reach to them a helping hand—

The favored of fortune can scatter the shining dollars, with which their coffers overflow, broadcast for luxuries and costly possessions, but none of their wealth is spent for the benefit of "nobody's children."

Plate-glass windows, twenty-five thousand dollar carpets, fast horses, palatial mansions, jewels of fabulous value, and bridal trousseaus worth a king's ransom, can be indulged in *ad infinitum*, but the street children may not be cared for.

"Each for himself, none for his brother."

From the streets; from the dens of darkness and crime that infest every great city; from every hotel and tenement house; from thousands of country houses, where misfortune, and poverty, and disease dwell with their weight of sorrow, rise the cry for help—the agonized, wailing cry, that is never answered this side of the grave!

Each for himself! The strong jostle the weaker, and trample them in the struggle; the fortunate crowd the unfortunate as, unmindful of their wail of despair; the rich pass hastily by the poor, grasping their wealth tightly, and blind to the outstretched hand, pale face, and beseeching eyes with their mute appeal for the aid they might render—each thinking only of self!

Forgotten is the divine law of brotherly love—unheeded the sacred duty of the strong to help the weak. Those who sit in the high places in life look down in loathsome on the appealing ones below, saying, in reply to the cry for help, "Climb, as I have done! I asked no aid; no one helped me; I helped myself. Don't beg—it's disgraceful!"

And with a supercilious smile, they dismiss the matter, and go on working for fame and position, spending wealth freely for costly pleasures and royal possessions.

So the beggar seeks aid vainly. The virtuous, tempted of evil, and driven by ghostly want, leave the right way and go down to ruin by scores. The suffering suffer on; the poor starve; the unfortunate are driven

to desperation and hurl themselves into eternity.

"Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurried—
Any where, any where
Out of the world!"

LETIE ARTLEY IRONS.

Foolscap Papers.

Benjamin Franklin.

This renowned philosopher was born in the year 1707, of poor but humble parents, some time before he became so well known to fame. Up to the age of one year he showed but very little chances of ever becoming great. His parents contended that he would; his friends feared he wouldn't, but didn't express their doubts before his parents.

Mamma Franklin had a motherly regard for her infant son, soothed his little aches and pains with specie and ginger tea, and when night would come he would sing:

"Mother I am tired and sleepy, too,
So put me in my little bed."

At the age of two it is recorded that he couldn't even parse a Latin sentence, or do a problem in Euclid; but, after that, he grew to be a philosopher before he was even conscious of it himself. The giant mind that slumbered in the boy began to grasp philosophical questions and to demonstrate scientific theories that have ever since placed his name high among the savans of the world.

Look at him at the age of seven demonstrating to a crowd of other boys the beautiful fact that if an egg, the product of a neighboring henmery, be punctured rather largely at one end, and rather smally at the other end, and the larger orifice be placed to the mouth, and a little suction applied, it will lose its contents in three-sixteenths of the time it requires to tell it. He went on practised upon theories.

Look at our youthful philosopher in another branch of science, demonstrating the fact that an article of culinary use called, by the vulgar and uneducated, a tin pan, filled with bricks, and securely affixed to (to use a term unknown to science) a dog's tail, does not have a tendency to anchor that dog, or in other words, to prevent him running, but that the effect is exactly the reverse, imparting a speed that can be better expressed by the figures 2:17, and the victim of his philosophy takes down the sidewalk between the legs of the pedestrians, making them hallo "git out," but always too late, and the dog never stops until the tail or the pan is off, and the boy well demonstrated.

Many are the time he would describe two segments of a circle on the sidewalk with a stick, place a small round stone ball on each end of the figure, step back to what is called "taw" and clearly demonstrate to the other boy, who had "laid in," that the effect of a similar round ball striking one of the others would be to knock it out of the lines, and that it would be necessary for him to "lay in" again. Many a day did he spend in the pursuit of this pleasing science, while his scientific father in the evening would demonstrate to him the fact that a hard body (in the shape of a piece of latex) falling with sufficient force upon a soft body would produce a sensation on the last named body which would make the owner thereof feel very much as if he would like to scratch it or rub against a post.

While he was quite young, and because he was such a good little boy, he became a *devil* in a printing office, and began to upset type a good deal faster than he could set them up. The old press upon which he used to work is still preserved; so is also one of his old boots. He got to be the editor of a paper, and began to know how it is himself; he was obliged to exchange with his subscribers a great deal, that is they gave their paper for his paper—their notes is what I am struggling to get at; besides, his paper was considerably behind the time in the way of news as he couldn't procure the associated press dispatches, and the cable wasn't in good running order yet. His paper was filled, I presume, with maxims and proverbs in the place of news.

He is the man who discovered that early beding and early rising would make a man wealthy and smart, but I am inclined to think he was about the only one who ever thought so. Such advice as that would do well enough in some latitudes, where the nights are six delightful months long. He wasted a good deal of his time in writing proverbs which can never be brought into use, at least while the world is in the present condition. Whether the kindly intentioned old gentleman lived up to all of them himself or not there is probably no doubt; he was an editor and I suppose he did. He was a good man and meant well enough, I expect, but he was very old-fashioned and, I would like to scratch it or rub against it.

But, he was quite young, and because he was such a good little boy, he became a *devil* in a printing office, and began to upset type a good deal faster than he could set them up.

The old press upon which he used to work is still preserved; so is also one of his old boots. He got to be the editor of a paper, and began to know how it is himself; he was obliged to exchange with his subscribers a great deal, that is they gave their paper for his paper—their notes is what I am struggling to get at; besides, his paper was considerably behind the time in the way of news as he couldn't procure the associated press dispatches, and the cable wasn't in good running order yet. His paper was filled, I presume, with maxims and proverbs in the place of news.

He is the man who discovered that early beding and early rising would make a man wealthy and smart, but I am inclined to think he was about the only one who ever thought so. Such advice as that would do well enough in some latitudes, where the nights are six delightful months long. He wasted a good deal of his time in writing proverbs which can never be brought into use, at least while the world is in the present condition. Whether the kindly intentioned old gentleman lived up to all of them himself or not there is probably no doubt; he was an editor and I suppose he did. He was a good man and meant well enough, I expect, but he was very old-fashioned and, I would like to scratch it or rub against it.

But, he was quite young, and because he was such a good little boy, he became a *devil* in a printing office, and began to upset type a good deal faster than he could set them up.

The old press upon which he used to work is still preserved; so is also one of his old boots. He got to be the editor of a paper, and began to know how it is himself; he was obliged to exchange with his subscribers a great deal, that is they gave their paper for his paper—their notes is what I am struggling to get at; besides, his paper was considerably behind the time in the way of news as he couldn't procure the associated press dispatches, and the cable wasn't in good running order yet. His paper was filled, I presume, with maxims and proverbs in the place of news.

He is the man who discovered that early beding and early rising would make a man wealthy and smart, but I am inclined to think he was about the only one who ever thought so. Such advice as that would do well enough in some latitudes, where the nights are six delightful months long. He wasted a good deal of his time in writing proverbs which can never be brought into use, at least while the world is in the present condition. Whether the kindly intentioned old gentleman lived up to all of them himself or not there is probably no doubt; he was an editor and I suppose he did. He was a good man and meant well enough, I expect, but he was very old-fashioned and, I would like to scratch it or rub against it.

But, he was quite young, and because he was such a good little boy, he became a *devil* in a printing office, and began to upset type a good deal faster than he could set them up.

The old press upon which he used to work is still preserved; so is also one of his old boots. He got to be the editor of a paper, and began to know how it is himself; he was obliged to exchange with his subscribers a great deal, that is they gave their paper for his paper—their notes is what I am struggling to get at; besides, his paper was considerably behind the time in the way of news as he couldn't procure the associated press dispatches, and the cable wasn't in good running order yet. His paper was filled, I presume, with maxims and proverbs in the place of news.

He is the man who discovered that early beding and early rising would make a man wealthy and smart, but I am inclined to think he was about the only one who ever thought so. Such advice as that would do well enough in some latitudes, where the nights are six delightful months long. He wasted a good deal of his time in writing proverbs which can never be brought into use, at least while the world is in the present condition. Whether the kindly intentioned old gentleman lived up to all of them himself or not there is probably no doubt; he was an editor and I suppose he did. He was a good man and meant well enough, I expect, but he was very old-fashioned and, I would like to scratch it or rub against it.

But, he was quite young, and because he was such a good little boy, he became a *devil* in a printing office, and began to upset type a good deal faster than he could set them up.

The old press upon which he used to work is still preserved; so is also one of his old boots. He got to be the editor of a paper, and began to know how it is himself; he was obliged to exchange with his subscribers a great deal, that is they gave their paper for his paper—their notes is what I am struggling to get at; besides, his paper was considerably behind the time in the way of news as he couldn't procure the associated press dispatches, and the cable wasn't in good running order yet. His paper was filled, I presume, with maxims and proverbs in the place of news.

He is the man who discovered that early beding and early rising would make a man wealthy and smart, but I am inclined to think he was about the only one who ever thought so. Such advice as that would do well enough in some latitudes, where the nights are six delightful months long. He wasted a good deal of his time in writing proverbs which can never be brought into use, at least while the world is in the present condition. Whether the kindly intentioned old gentleman lived up

HELPING MAMA.

BY I. A. POOL.

May be sung to the Music, "Watching for Pa."

Two little hands at the break of day,
Spreading the table and working away,
Searching the kitchen and pantry through,
Setting the breakfast for me and you.

Working for Ma,
Working for Ma,
Busy in the kitchen,
Working for Ma.

Dinner is ready at stroke of noon, of course,
Savory odors are filling the room, of course,
When it is over, with spirits gay,
Wash up the dishes and clear away.

Working for Ma,
Working for Ma,
Busy in the kitchen,
Working for Ma.

Alas, has plenty of work to do,
Over her hands and head she goes,
Buy a all with a cheerful zeal,
Closing the day with the evening meal.

Working for Ma,
Working for Ma,
Helping at the house-work,
Helping Mama.

Now in the parlor, song from the storm,
Floy and Papa by the fireside warm,
Listen by Mama's face bright,
Helping Mama.

Singing for Pa,
Playing with the baby,
Cooing to "Ga."

* Little Floy's first effort at calling Papa resulted in "Ga."

Now in the parlor, song from the storm,
Floy and Papa by the fireside warm,
Listen by Mama's face bright,
Helping Mama.

Singing for Pa,
Playing with the baby,
Cooing to "Ga."

* Little Floy's first effort at calling Papa resulted in "Ga."

The Cousin's Plot.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

"COUSIN ETHEL, you are left without a protector now," said Rodney Nightcliff to the beautiful vision at his side, whose eyes pearly tears glistened, and whose little hand trembled as he took it once.

She looked up into his face.

"Yes," she whispered, "for a while."

"For a while!" he echoed, starting at the words, which would not have frightened a wren. "What do you mean, Ethel?"

"I am going to make you my *confidante*, Rodney," she replied, not noticing the changed expression visible upon his countenance. "I am sure you will not betray the trust I impose in you."

"Trust me, cousin," he said, reassuringly, "and discover how faithful I am."

Silence reigned between the cousins for a moment, when Ethel put her cherry lips near Rodney's ear, and whispered, while blushes suffused her roseate cheeks, making her look the lovelier.

"Rodney, I am soon to be a bride."

The announcement, not entirely unexpected, sent a thrill to Nightcliff's heart, and the exhibition of emotion that followed was perceived by the young girl.

"Why, cousin, you start?" she exclaimed. "Well might I start," she answered, feigning a sad expression, "for you have blasted my dearest hopes, Ethel."

"What, cousin! Do you mean that—that?"

"I mean that I love you, cousin, as man never loved maid before. I came hither to-day to crave the honor of becoming your protector through life; but now, before I speak, I hear from lips to obey whose sternest command would be a pleasure, that you have pledged your hand to another."

"I am sorry, cousin Rodney."

"Tis my own fault, Ethel. I should have spoken before. But let it pass. I tear that thought of blasted hopes from my heart as I would pluck poison-grapes from your lips. I would speak of something else. Ethel, are you aware of the fact that your father said something to Mr. Stenpost about a codicil, before his demise?"

"I am not," she answered, apparently much surprised. "I am sure that dear father, a few days before his death, told me that he was satisfied with the will he had made, and would not erase or add thereto a single word. That speaks badly for the existence of a codicil."

"I admit it does, Ethel," said Rodney Nightcliff; "but it is certain that he told Mr. Stenpost that he had written a codicil, and the legal gentleman believes that it still exists. The nature of the document no one living knows; but I believe, with the lawyer, that it is of minor importance, yet it should be found."

"If a codicil exists, Rodney, I will assist you in finding it."

"Thanks, cousin," responded Rodney. "Stenpost has informed me that he will visit you within a week for the purpose of examining your father's papers. As administrator, he possesses that right, Ethel, and I hope you will treat him kindly."

"I am still, cousin, notwithstanding the dislike I entertain for him," answered the girl. "I have tried to think well of that man; but could not. I remonstrated with father against appointing him my executor, but he would not hear."

"Your dislike will vanish when you become well acquainted with him," said Rodney. "He is a perfect gentleman. But, Ethel, I must return."

A few moments later, Nightcliff returned to his bachelor apartments.

"I have opened the way for Stenpost's work," he said, throwing himself into a chair, "and it must be well done, too, for she is terribly suspicious. If the lawyer were here now I would broach my proposition. I have not mistaken my man; I feel certain of him."

At this juncture a slight rapping reached the ears of the soliloquizer, and he went to the door with a smile, muttering:

"Tis Stenpost."

The steps of Coke, armed with an umbrella, and rather sedately dressed for the executor of a wealthy man's "last will and testament," threw himself into a chair, while Nightcliff seated himself at his side.

They came to business directly.

"Stenpost," said Rodney, surveying the lawyer from collar to shoe-latchet, "you ought to have a new suit."

Stenpost was of a like opinion; but remarked that the present condition of his exchequer did not warrant so useful an expenditure.

"But when I shall have settled your uncle's estate satisfactorily, I may reclothe my person," he said, in conclusion.

"But, Stenpost, would you not like to make five thousand on such a matter, and still be called honest?"

For a wonder, Stenpost did not start. He merely opened his sleepy eyes, and looked at Nightcliff.

"I have broken ground for a great work which will enrich both of us," continued Nightcliff. "I have told Ethel that a codicil exists, and she more than half believes it—so much so, indeed, that she has promised to assist in finding it. Now do you know what I want with you, Stenpost?"

"Not exactly," said the lawyer, whose comprehension was not the brightest.

Nightcliff moved his easy-chair nearer the lawyer, and, placing his hairy lips near his ear, whispered:

"I want you to write a codicil, in my deceased uncle's chirography."

"Well," was all that followed the com-

mission of the secret.

"That codicil, changing the will, by giving to me the major part of the estate, leaving Ethel a few pennies, must be secreted in one of the mysterious apartments of uncle's cabinet, and be discovered by us in the presence of Ethel Nightcliff."

"I understand," said Stenpost, "but I don't know what you mean."

"Fully?"

"Fully."

"I told the girl that you would visit her within a week to run over her father's papers. That will give you a chance to slip the codicil in one of the secret drawers, all of which, you say, are known to you, and a few days later she will witness the finding of it. For this little piece of business I offer you five thousand dollars."

The lawyer, long esteemed an honest man by hundreds of his fellow-citizens, considered the criminal proposition; but not long. At heart he was not honest. He would do any thing for gold, and no penitentiary looming up between him and the future, of it. For this little piece of business I offer you five thousand dollars."

The secret interview was prolonged, and, at last, Robert Stenpost left the house, to the unrighteous bidding of Rodney Nightcliff.

The wily schemer never loved his cousin. He thought to gain possession of her hand, and get his fingers upon her inheritable wealth.

He covered away.

"Yes, father, another storm; and I welcome it, for it is but a counterpart to the one raging in my bosom."

He shuddered as, just then, a dazzling flash illuminated the mellow-lighted room for a moment, and then was gone.

He covered away.

"Yes, father, another storm; and I welcome it, for it is but a counterpart to the one raging in my bosom."

Again the warning bell sounded loud and sharp, as if rung by one who would be heeded.

"Go, Minerva; my visitor is urgent. We'll resume our subject at another time. Now—"

"Father, is not this visitor that black-browed mill-man, who already has come so often?" and she turned toward him. "How can you admit such a—"

"Tell me, Minerva, go! Go at old I!" and Arthur Ames stepped forward, and pointed toward the door.

"At last a servant was heard hurrying along the passage to answer the bell."

Already he felt the five thousand within his grasp.

The secret of the bogus document com-

pleted to his satisfaction, he adjusted the papers he had disarranged, and took his departure in a triumphal frame of mind.

"Won't the girl be surprised when we

arrive?"

The secret of the bogus document com-

pleted to his satisfaction, he adjusted the papers he had disarranged, and took his departure in a triumphal frame of mind.

"Won't the girl be surprised when we

arrive?"

The secret of the bogus document com-

pleted to his satisfaction, he adjusted the papers he had disarranged, and took his departure in a triumphal frame of mind.

"Won't the girl be surprised when we

arrive?"

The secret of the bogus document com-

pleted to his satisfaction, he adjusted the papers he had disarranged, and took his departure in a triumphal frame of mind.

"Won't the girl be surprised when we

arrive?"

The secret of the bogus document com-

pleted to his satisfaction, he adjusted the papers he had disarranged, and took his departure in a triumphal frame of mind.

"Won't the girl be surprised when we

arrive?"

The secret of the bogus document com-

pleted to his satisfaction, he adjusted the papers he had disarranged, and took his departure in a triumphal frame of mind.

"Won't the girl be surprised when we

arrive?"

The secret of the bogus document com-

pleted to his satisfaction, he adjusted the papers he had disarranged, and took his departure in a triumphal frame of mind.

"Won't the girl be surprised when we

arrive?"

The secret of the bogus document com-

pleted to his satisfaction, he adjusted the papers he had disarranged, and took his departure in a triumphal frame of mind.

"Won't the girl be surprised when we

arrive?"

The secret of the bogus document com-

pleted to his satisfaction, he adjusted the papers he had disarranged, and took his departure in a triumphal frame of mind.

"Won't the girl be surprised when we

arrive?"

The secret of the bogus document com-

pleted to his satisfaction, he adjusted the papers he had disarranged, and took his departure in a triumphal frame of mind.

"Won't the girl be surprised when we

arrive?"

The secret of the bogus document com-

pleted to his satisfaction, he adjusted the papers he had disarranged, and took his departure in a triumphal frame of mind.

"Won't the girl be surprised when we

arrive?"

The secret of the bogus document com-

pleted to his satisfaction, he adjusted the papers he had disarranged, and took his departure in a triumphal frame of mind.

"Won't the girl be surprised when we

arrive?"

The secret of the bogus document com-

pleted to his satisfaction, he adjusted the papers he had disarranged, and took his departure in a triumphal frame of mind.

"Won't the girl be surprised when we

arrive?"

The secret of the bogus document com-

pleted to his satisfaction, he adjusted the papers he had disarranged, and took his departure in a triumphal frame of mind.

"Won't the girl be surprised when we

arrive?"

The secret of the bogus document com-

pleted to his satisfaction, he adjusted the papers he had disarranged, and took his departure in a triumphal frame of mind.

"Won't the girl be surprised when we

arrive?"

The secret of the bogus document com-

pleted to his satisfaction, he adjusted the papers he had disarranged, and took his departure in a triumphal frame of mind.

"Won't the girl be surprised when we

arrive?"

The secret of the bogus document com-

pleted to his satisfaction, he adjusted the papers he had disarranged, and took his departure in a triumphal frame of mind.

"Won't the girl be surprised when we

arrive?"

The secret of the bogus document com-

pleted to his satisfaction, he adjusted the papers he had disarranged, and took his departure in a triumphal frame of mind.

"Won't the girl be surprised when we

arrive?"

The secret of the bogus document com-

She sighed and bowed her head, as a tear rolled down her face.

"Why, Bessie, what's the matter? Oh, sister! do not cry, for I wanted to talk with you to-night—seriously, too. I have just been praying, and my mind was made up; I was strong to talk."

"Oh, Ross! what mean you?" and Bessie suddenly raised her head and gazed at him.

But, upon the cripple's face there was a sweet smile and a heavenly rest.

"Don't be startled, Bessie," he said; "I do not mind it now. I did it first; but the terror has passed away."

He still smiled softly, touchingly, as his great, bright eyes shone into her face.

Bessie slid her hand down beneath the sheet, until it reached his unwounded palm. She pressed his hand tenderly in hers, and looking him earnestly in the face, said:

"What mean you, Ross? You speak strangely, and there is a wild look about your face. Tell me, my brother, if any dark thought distresses you; tell me if—"

"I will," Bessie interrupted the boy, as a half-stern look of resolve came to his face.

He paused for a moment; then he said, suddenly:

"Bessie, have you thought, since father's death, night before last, that—Well, have you thought how poor we are—how desolate—how forsaken? Have you pondered for a moment on the fact, that now, indeed, we are dependent upon our own exertions, and upon—what is a slender support—the cold charity of the world?"

Bessie Raynor did not answer at once. She bent her head again, as her eyes filled with tears. But she quickly looked up, as a glad smile played over her lips.

She had been thinking.

"No, no, Ross," she said, in a low, joyous tone, speaking rapidly. "Let these forebodings pass from you. I have a secret, told me by poor father on his death-bed. You should have known it before, had not that dreadful accident happened. We are no longer poor, Ross, and can leave the mill any time."

The boy started violently, and, as a twinge of pain shot through his wounded arm, he groaned.

"Restrain yourself, my dear brother; keep quiet and I will tell you what papa told me—will tell you all. Now, will you keep quiet and listen calmly?"

Wonderingly, the cripple gazed at his sister; then, he slowly nodded his head in token of assent.

Drawing still closer to him, Bessie grasped afresh his thin, hot hand, and began at once:

CHAPTER XVII.

A RAP AT THE DOOR.

BESSIE RAYNOR spoke rapidly; but, scarcely had she uttered a dozen words, when a wild, doubting expression came to her brother's face, and a half cry of wonder broke from her lips.

But, he restrained himself, and listened.

At last, Bessie concluded, and, with an angelic smile on her face, and a triumphant glance in her eye, she watched Ross.

"Deeds to this house—to lands in the West—directions for finding Spanish gold! Good heavens! Bessie, can this be true? Am I awake or dreaming still?"

"This is true, Ross. Father told me what I now have told you, and—"

"Oh, heavens! then, Bessie, why should I have gone to the factory, when we were rich—gone to be thus maimed? Ah! I—"

"I understand you, my dear brother," hastily interrupted the girl, as a thrill of agony shot through her frame. "I was so troubled and grieved, that I forgot every thing, Ross, except that our father was dead, and that we needed money. There is but little in the house, and, you know, I could not go to the mill. Then, Black Phil, he—"

"Yes, true enough, Bessie. But then, you know, Lorin Gray is our friend yet. Had you told him about these things, the debts and the money—yet, without telling him, in fact—he would have furnished us means, until we could—"

"Yes, Ross. But, Lorin Gray is a poor man himself, and—"

"He is rich enough to buy good clothes, in which to go to see Minerva Ames, the banker's daughter."

Bessie winced, a convulsive shiver passed over her frame, and she half let fall the hot hand of the sufferer.

Ross took no heed of her perturbation. Perhaps he had not noticed it. At all events he went on to say:

"It's strange, Bessie, that Lorin should care so much for us. Everybody sees that, workman in the mill as he is, he loves Miss Minerva; and people say, too, that the banker's daughter doesn't hate him."

He paused, and his large, bright eyes sought his sister's face.

Ross Raynor was too young, it may be, to read heart-secrets; he did not scan his sister's face to read hers.

"Lorin Gray, though he is a poor man working in the mill, is a noble, honest man, Ross," said Bessie, in a slow, labored tone, as looking up, she saw that her brother expected an answer.

Then, in a trembling voice, she continued, as she again cast her eyes down: "I don't blame him for—for *liking* Minerva Ames. She is beautiful, very learned and rich. But she is no more learned than Lorin Gray. Mother Mull, I've heard say, sent him for ten years to the best schools in New York city."

"Yes, I've heard the same. But it is strange, Bessie, that Miss Ames could turn away from the many beaux, fine gentlemen, too, who go to see her, and that she should prefer Lorin Gray to them all. I don't believe she does; *I can't believe it*."

"Lorin Gray is a very handsome man, Ross. He is young and strong. Then, you know, he risked his life to save Miss Ames the day her horses ran away on the Salem turnpike."

"Yes, yes; I had forgotten! That was a bold deed, and it takes Lorin Gray to do just such a thing. He saved my life, too, you know, by doing what six men can't generally do: flinging the belt from the big turbine. But, alas! I—yes—I have a sister, too," he suddenly exclaimed, "and she is a prettier and better girl than Minerva Ames, rich as the banker's daughter is!"

"There! there! 'sh! Ross; you speak idly!" and, as a crimson blush mantled her cheek, she bowed her head.

"Then why does Lorin Gray come here?" asked Ross, his mind suddenly turned in another direction.

"Why, he is a common workingman himself; we are poor people, too, and he has a good heart. That's why he comes here."

Bessie stammered, as she uttered these words.

Ross did not reply; a reflective shade passed over his pale face; then a frown wrinkled his scarred brow.

Was it pain, or was a black fancy passing through his brain?

"Does your arm hurt you, brother?" she asked.

"Not more than usual, Bessie. I was thinking, sister, that I had forgotten to tell you something," and he kept his eyes on her face.

"Well, Ross."

"I have had a vision, sister, a strange, distorted vision which assumed shape."

"Oh, Ross! speak not!"

"Do not interrupt me, Bessie. I'll tell you briefly about this vision. It came to me last night, and all day long have I been thinking of it—have been praying over it! The spring, with its green grass and beautiful flowers, Bessie, will not come to me again! Before the snows have melted from the hills, and the ice has left the banks and drifted down the Merrimac, I'll be gone from you! Then you and Ralph alone, will be left of our family. Oh, Bessie, I have had a vision of death—my death!"

As he spoke, he buried his head still further in the pillow, and closed his eyes. She shook him gently. He opened his eyes and smiled sweetly at her.

"Another time, Bessie, and I'll tell you all," he said; "not now."

Again he closed his eyes and in a few moments his gentle breathing, his placid, immobile countenance, his perfect quiet showed that the poor cripple slept.

Bessie trimmed the lamp, and, sitting by his side, watched him, with tear-filled eyes.

The hours grew on, the night darkened and deepened, and the sad winds moaning along the water, sighed around the eaves and corners of the humble house of poverty. These night-winds seemed to sing a doleful requiem over the dreary house and the desolation abiding within.

Again Bessie's eyes grew heavy. But suddenly she started and sat upright.

A low, guarded rap on the street-door had aroused her.

The rap was repeated.

Bessie arose, as a look of fear crept into her face. She paused, however, ere she turned from the chair. But then, like lightning, a glad expression sprung into her eyes.

"Lorin!" she exclaimed. "He promised to come; he is here. May Heaven bless him!"

Without waiting longer, she hurried down-stairs, and creeping softly through the death-inhabited room, lit by its single untried taper, she reached the front door.

She paused here a moment; but, summoning her resolution, she suddenly flung the door wide but softly open.

The light gleamed out, and with a little cry of alarm, Bessie started back at what she saw.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 73.)

Overland Kit:

OR, THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "WOLF
DEMON," "WHITE WITCH," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHY JINNIE LOVED DICK.

BERNICE looked at Jinny in wonder, but, in a second, a thought that explained the mystery came into her mind.

"I understand," she said; "it was you who carried the news of Mr. Talbot's danger to the road-agent."

"I didn't say so," Jinny replied.

"True; but I am sure that I am right."

"Do you love Dick?" asked Jinny, suddenly, fixing her keen eyes on the face of Bernice as she spoke.

Bernice was troubled at the abrupt question; a hot flush swept over her face for an instant.

"Do you think that I love him?" she asked, evading the question.

"I know you do!" replied Jinny, promptly.

"You know?—you mean that you guess that I do," Jinny said, quietly.

"No; I don't mean any such thing!" the girl exclaimed. "I can see it in your face. I saw it that night when you looked out of the window. You see I speak right. I am not ashamed to say that I love him; I'd say it before all the world, and it ain't fair for you to come here and take him away from me. I'd do any thing in the world for him—die for him; would you?"

"Yes, Ross. But, Lorin Gray is a poor man himself, and—"

"He is rich enough to buy good clothes, in which to go to see Minerva Ames, the banker's daughter."

Bessie winced, a convulsive shiver passed over her frame, and she half let fall the hot hand of the sufferer.

Ross took no heed of her perturbation. Perhaps he had not noticed it. At all events he went on to say:

"It's strange, Bessie, that Lorin should care so much for us. Everybody sees that,

workman in the mill as he is, he loves Miss Minerva; and people say, too, that the banker's daughter doesn't hate him."

He paused, and his large, bright eyes sought his sister's face.

Ross Raynor was too young, it may be, to read heart-secrets; he did not scan his sister's face to read hers.

"Lorin Gray, though he is a poor man working in the mill, is a noble, honest man, Ross," said Bessie, in a slow, labored tone, as looking up, she saw that her brother expected an answer.

Then, in a trembling voice, she continued, as she again cast her eyes down: "I don't believe she does; *I can't believe it*."

"Lorin Gray is a very handsome man, Ross. He is young and strong. Then, you know, he risked his life to save Miss Ames the day her horses ran away on the Salem turnpike."

"Yes, yes; I had forgotten! That was a bold deed, and it takes Lorin Gray to do just such a thing. He saved my life, too, you know, by doing what six men can't generally do: flinging the belt from the big turbine. But, alas! I—yes—I have a sister, too," he suddenly exclaimed, "and she is a prettier and better girl than Minerva Ames, rich as the banker's daughter is!"

"There! there! 'sh! Ross; you speak idly!" and, as a crimson blush mantled her cheek, she bowed her head.

"Then why does Lorin Gray come here?" asked Ross, his mind suddenly turned in another direction.

"Why, he is a common workingman himself; we are poor people, too, and he has a good heart. That's why he comes here."

Bessie stammered, as she uttered these words.

Ross did not reply; a reflective shade passed over his pale face; then a frown wrinkled his scarred brow.

Was it pain, or was a black fancy passing through his brain?

"Does your arm hurt you, brother?" she asked.

"Not more than usual, Bessie. I was thinking, sister, that I had forgotten to tell you something," and he kept his eyes on her face.

"Well, Ross."

"I have had a vision, sister, a strange, distorted vision which assumed shape."

"Oh, Ross! speak not!"

"Do not interrupt me, Bessie. I'll tell you briefly about this vision. It came to me last night, and all day long have I been thinking of it—have been praying over it! The spring, with its green grass and beautiful flowers, Bessie, will not come to me again! Before the snows have melted from the hills, and the ice has left the banks and drifted down the Merrimac, I'll be gone from you! Then you and Ralph alone, will be left of our family. Oh, Bessie, I have had a vision of death—my death!"

As he spoke, he buried his head still further in the pillow, and closed his eyes. She shook him gently. He opened his eyes and smiled sweetly at her.

"Another time, Bessie, and I'll tell you all," he said; "not now."

Again he closed his eyes and in a few moments his gentle breathing, his placid, immobile countenance, his perfect quiet showed that the poor cripple slept.

Bessie trimmed the lamp, and, sitting by his side, watched him, with tear-filled eyes.

"Well, Ross."

"I have had a vision, sister, a strange, distorted vision which assumed shape."

"Oh, Ross! speak not!"

"Do not interrupt me, Bessie. I'll tell you briefly about this vision. It came to me last night, and all day long have I been thinking of it—have been praying over it! The spring, with its green grass and beautiful flowers, Bessie, will not come to me again! Before the snows have melted from the hills, and the ice has left the banks and drifted down the Merrimac, I'll be gone from you! Then you and Ralph alone, will be left of our family. Oh, Bessie, I have had a vision of death—my death!"

As he spoke, he buried his head still further in the pillow, and closed his eyes. She shook him gently. He opened his eyes and smiled sweetly at her.

"Well, Ross."

"I have had a vision, sister, a strange, distorted vision which assumed shape."

"Oh, Ross! speak not!"

"Do not interrupt me, Bessie. I'll tell you briefly about this vision. It came to me last night, and all day long have I been thinking of it—have been praying over it! The spring, with its green grass and beautiful flowers, Bessie, will not come to me again! Before the snows have melted from the hills, and the ice has left the banks and drifted down the Merrimac, I'll be gone from you! Then you and Ralph alone, will be left of our family. Oh, Bessie, I have had a vision of death—my death!"

As he spoke, he buried his head still further in the pillow, and closed his eyes. She shook him gently. He opened his eyes and smiled sweetly at her.

"Well, Ross."

"I have had a vision, sister, a strange, distorted vision which assumed shape."

SATURDAY JOURNAL.

78

"Yes," Jinnie said, softly.
"I told you then, that the life that you had saved belonged to you, that it was yours whenever you wanted to claim it. You haven't asked for it yet, Jinnie."

A single glance Jinnie cast into Dick's face, and then again the long, golden lashes veiled the large, clear eyes.

"You're right, Jinnie," he said, slowly. "I had forgot. I must treat you like a woman and not like a child. It is not right that you, a woman, should speak, when I, a man, hesitate. But, Jinnie, I have not spoken before because—well, because I don't know myself; I can't tell what I am or what I think. I'm a good deal like a piece of pine floating down the Reese, at the mercy of every current and eddy in the stream. One moment, I think that I am a strong, determined, self-willed fellow; and the next, I come to the conclusion, that a more wavering, irresolute wretch than I don't exist on top of the earth. Jinnie, I belong to you by rights; I know that, and when I am with you I feel that I love you better than I do any other woman in the world, but, when I am away from you—"

And Talbot paused, irresolute.

"You think that you don't love me?" Jinnie asked, looking up into Dick's face again with her earnest eyes.

"No, I don't think that; but, the thought comes to me that, perhaps, I don't love you well enough to make you happy," Dick replied, honestly.

"You only think so when you are away from me?"

"Yes."

"There's a very easy cure for that, then."

"What is it?" Talbot asked, in astonishment.

"You mustn't go away from me at all," the girl replied, simply.

A smile came over Dick's face at the answer.

"And so, Jinnie, if I tell you honestly and frankly, that I think I love you, but am not quite sure of it, and ask you to be my wife, what now will be your answer?"

"Dick, when you play cards do you always make the man you're playing against tell you how he is going to play, before you commence the game?" the girl asked, shrewdly.

"Little girl, I'm no match for you!" cried Talbot, suddenly; "there's more brains in this little head" than in a dozen like mine. I haven't asked you a fair question, but now I will."

With a touch full of tenderness, he drew the light form of Jinnie still closer to him, raised up the little head with its halo of red-gold hair, until the clear gray eyes looked full into his own.

The smile upon Jinnie's face, and the joyous light dancing in her eyes, told her why she was.

"Jinnie, you know me as Dick Talbot," he said, slowly; "it is very likely that it is not my name. In other years, and in other places far away from this wild region, I may have been known by another name. Blood may be upon my hands, human blood; why, Jinnie, I may be stained by all sorts of crimes. I tell you this, so that you may not act rashly, but take plenty of time to think it over. And now, for what I was going to say at the beginning: Jinnie, I think that I love you well enough to ask you to be my wife. I ain't quite sure of it, for as I told you before, I'm like a man wandering in a dark night; I can't see my way clear, I'm willing to risk it, though, if you are; so, Jinnie, will you be my wife? Don't be in a hurry to answer, you know; take all the time you like."

"One little second—only a breath is all I want," Jinnie cried, quickly. "Yes." Firm and decided, but full of love was that "yes."

A moment, Dick looked into the clear eyes, now lustrous with the light of love; he saw the flushed cheeks and quivering scarlet lips, so rich and ripe in their dewy sweetness, and then, over his soul, like a flood sweeping all before it down the canyon's bed, came a sweet sense of joy, which told him that he did really love the girl, whose little form he pressed against his heart. Then he bent over and kissed his little, full lips that so eagerly awaited that kiss.

A moment of joy it was to the hearts of the man and woman who were so fondly clasped in each other's arms; a moment, worth a life-time of toil to gain; full recompence for years of doubtful suspense.

The soft sound of the passionate kiss that told that two human hearts had agreed to beat in loving concert till the Dark Angel sounded the call of doom, resounded gently through the darkness of the passage-way. It reached the ears of the watcher beneath the stairway.

The sound that told of loving concord, transformed him into a demon of death. His hand closed, convulsively, over his revolver, death was in his heart.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 68.)

Love-Blind: OR, WAS SHE GUILTY?

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "OATH-BOUND," "SHADOWED HEART,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

"You are a gentleman, are you not? A fine specimen of manhood, to come here in my absence and insult this lady!"

Harry glowered down on the man, as he sprang to his feet, all ablaze with passion.

"You'll run that, sir! You'll—"

"Not a word!" said Harry, as he held his arm tightly about Winnie's trembling form. "I forbid further intrusion upon Mrs. Gordeloup's presence until I resign her to you—which, I think, will be some time, if ever, judging by the advice of my lawyer."

A startled look came to Mr. Alvany's eyes, but he forced it away.

"You can't frighten me with your bugaboos!"

"I've no desire to, as I conclude your alarm will come soon enough. Winnie, my darling, will yet get your hat and sacque, and return with me to New York! I have secured rooms for us—"

"By Jove, you dare not! I'll have a policeman at your heels, you villain, if you attempt such a wholesale outrage!"

Harry smiled carelessly.

"Be as quick as you can, dear. The car-

riage is in waiting. Let your maid accompany us."

Winnie's face lighted.

"So gladly, so thankfully I'll go, Harry! What shall I say to Lillian?"

A sudden black frown, so intense that she almost started, gathered on Harry's face.

"You need make no explanations to Miss Rothermel. She and this gentleman can arrange their affairs."

His voice was hard, merciless, and Winnie intuitively knew there was good reason for his strange conduct.

Mr. Alvany arose, rather nervously, after Winnie had gone to prepare herself for the ride to the city.

"I will not remain under this roof a moment longer; were it my own, I should eject you, as it is, I am rather a victim of circumstances, but I can bide my time."

He walked toward the door just as Winnie came in, followed by Lillian Rothermel, who looked anxiously, even fearfully around.

"No!" yelled Harry, catching Mr. Alvany's arm and jerking him back violently. "You do not leave Fernleigh just yet. Officer, here's your man!"

A detective, accompanied by two policemen, sprung through the French window, and in a second had secured him, Winnie and Lillian looking on in wild-eyed amazement.

"Harry! Harry! what does it mean?"

It was Lillian Rothermel's sweet, terrified voice that asked the question as she clung to his arm.

"Don't desile me, woman, with your polluted hands!" and he flung them off. "It means that you are found out—you have been tracked to your lair, you tigress you! Ah! Winnie, see her guilt, her deceitful treachery, her duplicity, on her face!"

For a moment Lillian had straightened herself proudly, indignantly; then she grew stony-eyed and rigid; and at last, when Harry had pointed his finger at her, she had sunk, groveling, a heap on the floor.

Winnie sprung to her assistance, but Harry held her firmly back.

"No, dearest; she is not fit for you to touch; her heart is vile beyond conception, and her hands are red with blood—the blood of Edward Clavering!"

A fearful shriek burst from Lillian's lips, and she struggled to her feet.

"It's a lie, a foul, false—"

Then a bright tinge of blood stained her lips, that made her hideous in her ghastly pallor; faster the life-current oozed out between her fast-set teeth, but she still essayed to speak in an awful, gurgling voice.

"It is a diabolical lie, Harry—Gordeloup! You know—I—loved you—hated you!"

And then the thick stream issuing from the blood-vessel broke in the fury of passion and strength of fear, spouted out a fiery torrent—and with it the life of Lillian Rothermel.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE REVELATION.

SOLEMN, even unto the silent horror of the grave, the men looked down on the dead face that lay upturned on the emerald carpet; and Winnie, moaning and almost fainting, lay in her husband's arms.

Harry's low, impressive voice broke the awful stillness.

"Mr. Alvany, on condition of confessing your complicity with that woman—and he looked at Lillian's dead face again—and acknowledging that you are not Lester Alvany, my wife's first husband, but a twin-brother, named Leslie, whom Miss Rothermel accidentally met in Switzerland and hired to play the part of your dead brother, giving you all necessary instructions therefor—you will be allowed to return to Europe with no further punishment than your own guilty soul will carry."

Mr. Alvany had undergone a complete change during these few tragic moments.

"It is true—all true—all true, I swear," he hurriedly said, with chattering teeth, as he glanced askance at Lillian's body.

"And you'll never return to America again, under penalty of the utmost rigor of the law. Now, sir, go!"

He was not slow to take advantage of Harry's mercy; and then Winnie and her husband summoned the household and explained, leaving the remains of the guilty woman in charge of the police, in the very house where she had, but so shortly before, wrought a horrible deed, little recking how it little, full lips that so eagerly awaited that kiss.

A moment of joy it was to the hearts of the man and woman who were so fondly clasped in each other's arms; a moment, worth a life-time of toil to gain; full recompence for years of doubtful suspense.

The soft sound of the passionate kiss that told that two human hearts had agreed to beat in loving concert till the Dark Angel sounded the call of doom, resounded gently through the darkness of the passage-way. It reached the ears of the watcher beneath the stairway.

The sound that told of loving concord, transformed him into a demon of death. His hand closed, convulsively, over his revolver, death was in his heart.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 68.)

to aid her in working ruin and wrong where she had resolved to do it.

She remarked how blind were Miss Amy and Winnie, who attributed her exuberant spirits to the mountain air, and when at home to her love-letters from Switzerland, and the while it was the delicious results of this sleepless vengeance of hers.

Armed with these infallible proofs, Harry saw he could, at one blow, sweep all clouds from his own and Winnie's path forever.

The result we have seen.

Lillian Rothermel, whose revenge had led her into a most daring attempt, had but given into Harry's hand the weapons to destroy herself, whereas she intended to be utterly despoiled of all he cherished.

To-day, Lillian Rothermel's grave is unknown, unloved, unhonored, while Winnie and Harry are tasting life's choicest sweets.

THE END.

Sporting Scenes.

IV.

COL. CROCKETT ON A BEAR HUNT.

THERE is one, probably, who is not acquainted, in a greater or less degree, with the fabulous stories that, at one time, existed in relation to the renowned statesman and hunter, David Crockett. He was the great hunter who, it was represented, slew scores of Indians out of mere sport; who was an absolute terror to the "varmints" of the wood; and to whom a coon that he had treed once said: "Are you David Crockett?"

"Yes, sir," replied the sportsman. "Well, it's unnecessary to waste your powder. I will come down!" Whereupon the coon quietly descended, and, cringing at the hunter's feet, made an unconditional surrender!

He was the Indian fighter who used his TOE NAIL as a whetstone when about to engage in a bloody affray with the red-skin cut-throats; and it was his wife who put a whole tribe of painted savages to flight! Such ridiculous stories as these have led many to doubt the existence of such a person as Crockett. But he certainly existed, and not less certain is it, that his life was truly eventful, but not to such a degree as the above would seem to indicate.

The name of Col. Crockett is engraven upon the records of Congress, and is among the brightest names in the history of the gallant Lone Star State, upon whose altar flowed the life's blood of him who had lived the life of a hero and patriot.

At the time of which we write, Col. Crockett was living "in the woods," surrounded by bears, deer, Indians, and all the life that goes to make up the inhabitants of the forest. Hunting was a pastime in which he could indulge to his heart's content, and it is hardly necessary to say that his spoils were abundant. Deer, elk, turkeys and partridge loaded his house at each return home, and his family larder was ever richly provided with luxuries which now are rarely attainable by the city epicure. His duty was to hunt the game named—his delight was hunting bears; and in the prosecution of this sport he met with many exciting adventures.

In December, 1832, Crockett found his powder had given out. Matters were thus brought to a standstill until more could be procured. His brother-in-law resided six miles west of him, on the opposite side of a fork of the Obion. Crockett determined to visit him for an additional supply. A great rise of the rivers had taken place—lands were overflowed—the current of the stream was rapid. Knowing that the attempt would be likely to keep him out for several days, he dug up a small bundle of clothes, a pair of moccasins, shoes and stockings, a knapsack of meat and bread, and thus, provided for a time, started.

Several inches of snow were upon the ground, the air was keen and cutting, and when he reached the river, it was spread out before him like a sea. The rattling of the icy crust of snow under his feet, and the needles of ice that put out from the shore, would have deterred almost any one from venturing into the chilling water; but Crockett did not hesitate. He waded until the channel was reached, which he crossed upon a fallen tree, and then brought up on the edge of a deep slough, where there had formerly been a log upon which to cross, but which was now submerged by the freshet. Here, Crockett felt, was the tug of war. If he could pass the slough, the other side could be easily reached. In the slough a small island in ordinary times, and a sapling stood beside the log upon which he wished to cross. He first cut a forked sapling, which he managed to lodge against the one on the edge of the island. By means of this, he gradually worked his way forward until he reached the tree, when, by feeling around with a pole, he discovered the log three feet beneath the surface of the water. He now went back and got his rifle. Climbing up to the tree, he succeeded in placing his feet upon the submerged log, and commenced his crossing. It was a difficult and delicate proceeding. The water beneath the log was nearly a dozen feet deep, and above it the swift current reached to his waist. But, by great care he succeeded in getting over, when he reached another slough, across which a log was floating. Upon this he mounted and cautiously made his way out, until he reached the middle, when it rolled over as quick as lightning, precipitating Crockett into the chilling water to his chin. He went down with a gasping "ugh!" but maintained his foot-hold with his rifle. After a time he reached the land, where he changed his clothes, and made a desperate attempt to get up a trot to restore circulation. He reached his destination in the evening, to the amazement of his friends, who little expected the love of his life had led him to such hazards.

He secured the powder, intending to return the next morning; but the weather became so intensely cold that he was persuaded to defer the trial until the succeeding day. The weather continued growing more and more severe, and the second day was found to be colder than the former. The third day found the temperature below zero. But Crockett, fearful that his family were suffering, determined to delay his return no longer. When he reached the water, he found it frozen over. It bore him until he had gone several yards, when he broke through. He experimented awhile with his rifle, and finding it would not, commenced cutting his way before him with his tomahawk. Reaching a place where the ice appeared thicker, he clambered upon its surface and skinned ahead a few yards, when he went through again. Again he broke the ice before him, until he

reached the log which had served him so treacherously in crossing. Over this he now passed safely, as it was frozen in the ice; over the submerged log he also made his way as before, the current running so swiftly as to prevent the water from freezing. From this point he noticed that the ice was open, as though some animal had preceded him, and he followed in "the wake."

The shore was at length safely reached, but Crockett had nearly perished with cold. His garments froze to his body, and he made his way forward with the greatest difficulty. His limbs were so benumbed that he could barely stand when he reached his door. Here his alarmed wife met him, and under her affectionate care he soon "thawed out." The track which he had noticed broken in the stream, had been made by the young man in his employ when searching for him. His prolonged absence had satisfied his wife that he must have surely drowned, and his reappearance was like the dead returning to life.

That night, after the THAW, Crockett had a wonderful dream about a BIG NEGRO. This, the hunter maintained, was an infallible sign that he was to have a battle with a bear. Through his eventful life he never knew the omen to fail; and, having thus been warned, he determined to make every preparation for performing his part satisfactorily.

A heavy fall of rain during the preceding night had turned to sleet toward morning, and the shrubbery and bushes were bent and interlocked with ice, so that it was evident the sport would be attended with some personal discomfort, but a genuine hunter is never frightened by such trifles. Accompanied by a couple of companions, Crockett set out. The former decided to hunt for turkeys alone, our hero left them, and, calling off his three dogs, started a different direction.

Shortly after, his dogs started a flock of turkeys, Crockett shot a couple of the finest and slung them over his shoulders. He kept on down the river, until, feeling tired, he sat down upon a fallen tree for rest. He sat thus but a few minutes, when his attention was arrested by the singular action of one of his dogs, who ran to a log, and, after smelling around it for a few moments, pointed his nose to the sky, then gave vent to a long, peculiar whine, and darted away, followed by the other dogs. Crockett knew what these actions meant, and started after them. In a few moments he heard them barking clamorously, and, coming up, found they were barking up the wrong tree, as no game was visible.

In a moment they dashed off, and were heard barking in another place, but Crockett found they had committed the same blunder over. This they repeated again and again, until the hunter became so enraged at their

MIND YOUR PUNCTUATION.

BY H. A. FRANCIS.

A countryman to London came,
And, staring up at sign and name,
Spied on a sign in letters bold—
In letters made of solid gold—
The following: “What! sir, do you think
I’ll treat you for nothing and give you some
drinks?”

“God bless him—he’s a generous man;
He’s doing all the good he can;
I’ll just step in, and look, and try
This good man’s hospitality.”

Thus musing to himself he went
into the good man’s restaurant;

He looked in and then he thought he’d try
His appetite to satiety.

“Good, I can dispatch him easily” and I
could hear the wretch chuckle to himself.

Then he advanced into the room. From
his belt he drew a long, shining knife. I
recognized the weapon; ‘twas the murderous

blade usually carried by the Mexican

bandits. He raised his arm to deal the

death stroke, when, with a sudden move-

ment, I drew the revolver from my bosom,

unclosed my eyes, and leveled the weapon

at his head; I had previously cocked it.

Never, in all my life, had I seen such a
spectacle of fear as the face of the unmasked

assassin presented. A moment he glared

in agony into my face, and then, with a

howl of terror, fled from the room, followed

by the woman, who dropped the candle in

her flight. Luckily it was not extinguished.

I picked it up and placed it upon the table.

Hastily dressing myself, I sought the rude

shed where my horse had been placed. I

found the animal safe, and the girl standing

by its side. With a smile, she drew the

slender piece of steel from the hoof, where

the villainous Mexican had driven.

And all the time he was speaking, the

eyes of the girl, Josa, were fixed upon me

in a strange, peculiar way. The glittering

eyes of the girl seemed to convey a warn-

ing. But, against what? was the question

I put to myself. I looked at the Mexican

and his wife. Their faces were ugly, for-

bidding; but, was there danger to be appre-

hended from them? At any rate, I de-

mined to be upon my guard.

Supper over, the Mexican, with the court-

ly politeness so common to his race, ten-

dered me a handful of cigarettes. Then we

sat and smoked, while the girl and the old

woman crouched like two witches by the

side of the fire-place.

The host observed that it was with diffi-

culty that I kept my eyes open, and bade

the old woman prepare a bed for me. A

rude mattress, a tattered blanket, and a

quantity of straw, were spread upon the

floor. The Mexican explained that he, his

wife, and the girl, whom he spoke of as his

niece, would find accommodations in the

joining apartment.

Bearing the flickering candle, the host re-

turned, followed by the two women, the girl

last. And, as I caught a glimpse of her

face, as she turned in the doorway, I fancied

that on her lips was the word, “Be-

ware!”

With a feeling of depression weighing

upon my spirits, I lay down upon the rude

bed and drew the ragged blanket over me.

“It ar’ perfectly wonderful,” said my old

friend, Ike Bundy, as we sat talking one

night long after the rest of the fellows were

asleep. “It ar’ perfectly wonderful what

fools some men will be when they’re in In-

jun kentry an’ know that ev’ry brush er

rock mout hide an’ enemy.”

“What do you alude to?” I asked, know-

ing there was something interesting to

come.

“I was determined not to sleep, although

leaden weights seemed attached to my eye-

lids.

I had placed my rifle carefully by my

side, carelessly throwing a corner of the

blanket over it. One of my revolvers I

thrust into my bosom, the other I left hang-

ing in its place at my belt. I was fully pre-

pared for violence, if violence was meant

that, possibly, my fear was a foolish one,

and that I had no just grounds of apprehen-

sion.

I drew reins and halted by the door. In

answer to my summons, a Mexican girl

came from the adobe hut. She was a pretty,

brown-cheeked lass, with eyes as bright and

as large as a deer. A troubled look appeared

upon the face of the maid when she beheld

me a look, the cause of which I could not

understand.

“Can I have a glass of water, or of mes-

cal?” I asked, although I had but little hope

of getting a draught of the ardent Mexican

liquor in that lonely spot.

“No, señor,” replied the girl, but, before

she could continue her speech, a brawny

Mexican stepped from behind the shelter of

the pinon trees. He was an ugly fellow,

with heavy black beard and lowering,

evil-looking eyes.

“Why do you say no, Josa?” he demand-

ed, scowling at the girl. “There is a flask

of mescal hanging against the wall. You

are welcome to it, señor, although it is poor

stuff,” then he smiled, showed his white

teeth, and removed his broad-leaved hat,

politely. “Will the señor dismount and

enter my poor house?”

Truth to say, I was not sorry to accept

the invitation, for I had been in the saddle

since daybreak.

I dismounted and entered the house. The

Mexican produced the flask of mescal and a

leather drinking-cup. A single swallow

of the fiery liquor convinced me that the

Mexican had spoken the truth when he had

said that it was but poor stuff. Worse

liquor my lips had never tasted.

My host noticed the grimace upon my

face as I tasted the wretched decoction.

“It is bad, señor,” he exclaimed, in a

tone of conviction. I did not attempt to

deny the truth.

“I will fetch you some water from the

spring,” and seizing an iron pan, he bade

the girl follow him, and left the hut. I

noticed that the girl seemed to obey the bid-

ding with reluctance, and cast a peculiar

glance at me as she disappeared in the door-

way. I wondered something at this, but

gave it but little heed.

The two were absent some ten minutes,

then they returned with the water. The

face of the girl seemed paler than before,

and there was a strange light shining in her

eyes.

Mixing the liquor and the water together,

I succeeded in allaying my thirst a little.

I offered the Mexican a silver piece for his

trouble, which he, with great dignity, re-

fused.

“No, señor!” he exclaimed, drawing him-

self up, loftily. “Hospitality is a virtue.”

I did not press the coin upon him, but

contented myself with thanking him for

the service, then once more leaped into the

saddle and set off.

A half a dozen strides and I was faint to

pull up, my horse dead lame. I dismounted

and examined the hoofs of the animal,

thinking that, perhaps, a thorn of the cactus

had got into the flesh of the hoofs; but

not a sign of such a thing did I see. The

Mexican proffered his services, but his

search was as fruitless as my own. Night was coming on rapidly; already the sun had sunk behind the western hills, and evening’s dusky mantle began to vail in the earth.

“Caraniba!” exclaimed the Mexican, suddenly; “let the señor stay with me to-night; to-morrow, the beast may be well. My house is poor, but it is at the service of the señor.”

Seeing no other course open, I accepted the freely-given invitation in the same spirit with which it was bestowed. So, I returned to the house. The Mexican introduced her as his wife. She was prepared, and I partook of the frugal meal.

The Mexican, who informed me that he was called Pedro Santilla, took a wonderful fancy to my rifle. It was the first breech-loader that he had seen, and he could not sufficiently express his admiration of it.

And all the time he was speaking, the eyes of the girl, Josa, were fixed upon me in a strange, peculiar way. The glittering eyes of the girl seemed to convey a warning. But, against what? was the question I put to myself. I looked at the Mexican and his wife. Their faces were ugly, forbidding; but, was there danger to be apprehended from them? At any rate, I determined to be upon my guard.

The host observed that it was with difficulty that I kept my eyes open, and bade the old woman prepare a bed for me. A rude mattress, a tattered blanket, and a quantity of straw, were spread upon the floor.

The Mexican explained that he, his wife, and the girl, whom he spoke of as his niece, would find accommodations in the joining apartment.

Bearing the flickering candle, the host returned, followed by the two women, the girl last. And, as I caught a glimpse of her face, as she turned in the doorway, I fancied that on her lips was the word, “Be-ware!”

With a feeling of depression weighing upon my spirits, I lay down upon the rude bed and drew the ragged blanket over me.

“Well, I wur thinkin’ uv three sojers from the fort up yander,” he answered—“three reg’lars as had foun’ Injuns a dozen times an’ oughter ‘a’ known that ways.

“One mornin’, when they went out to look fur the horses, they found ‘em missin’, an’ ‘thout sayin’ a word to enybody, they puts up across the prairie in search ‘uv the animals. They hunted most uv the day, an’ when night kin they wur begin about Prellie canyon, fifteen er twenty miles from Fetterman.